





W. P. WALTON.

It ought to be a plain proposition to every sensible man that if the Board of Commissioners of the Penitentiary is to be held responsible for its conduct, it should have the appointment of the warden. Strange to say, however, it has not, the law calling for the election of that officer by the Legislature, which rarely regards fitness as a requisite. Though it has not the right of appointment, the Board can relieve the warden, and it did when it found Capt. Smith thoroughly unfit for the position both as a disciplinarian and as a manager of such an institution. It had reached such a condition of ill-health that it was frequently spoken of as the "Black Hole of Calcutta" and was in every way a shame and reproach to the State. The Board secured Capt. E. H. Taylor as warden and in a short time there was a complete change in the place, and at present, everything considered, it is as neatly kept as any institution of the kind in the country. The most sceptical have only to visit the place to be convinced that the Board acted right in making the change. The Legislature should therefore ignore Capt. Smith's petition for a reinstatement and pass the law suggested by Gov. Knott giving the Board the power to appoint as well as dismiss a warden.

SPEAKER CARLISLE has at last announced his committees. They number 48 and it is no easy job to place 325 members on them so as to please them and at the same time arrange the committees for expedition and proper legislation. The chairman of the most important are: Morrison, ways and means; Randall, appropriations, (this committee has been shorn of the most of its power by new rules recently adopted); Bland, coinage, weights and measures; Willis, rivers and harbors; Belmont, foreign affairs; Herbert, naval; Cobb, public lands; Turner, election; Reagan, commerce; Tucker, judiciary; Curtin, banking and currency; Hatch, agriculture; Bragg, post office; Wise, manufactures; O'Neill, labor; Eldridge, pensions; Springer, claims; Cox, civil service. Kentucky gets three chairmanships: Willis, rivers and harbors; Robertson, expenditures in war department; Halsey, private land claims. Gov. McCreary is on two important committees, coinage, weights and measures, and foreign affairs. Gen. Wolford is second on the pension committee.

The present has been the severest as well as the most general cold snap that has visited the country for years. From Canada to the Gulf of Mexico is enveloped in snow, while deaths from freezing are reported at Galveston, Texas, and in Florida. The destruction among cattle in the West has been terrible and great suffering has prevailed all over the country. The mercury went below zero in Atlanta and in the Manitoba country it reached the almost unparalleled point of 52 below. In the Northwest and North snow is reported from 4 to 6 feet deep and railroad travel on many Western roads has been abandoned for a week. The suddenness of the coming of the cold wave caught the improvident poor more than usual unprepared and they have suffered intensely.

A PUBLIC meeting was held at Harrodsburg last week, we learn from the *Democrat*, when it was unanimously resolved that the law creating the State Board of Equalization ought to be repealed. It was also the sense of the meeting, that it is the duty of the Legislature to attend to public business and to ignore such legislation as can be attended to by the courts and municipal corporations. The Mercer county man is never measly month in expressing his opinion.

HON. G. R. KELLER, Clerk of the House, says we do him an injustice when we state that he visited all the members at their homes and boned them for their support. He only visited 17 and met six others in his travels. Keller is an exceedingly likable man and we would not do him a wrong for anything, therefore we cheerfully give him the benefit of this statement. He is a clever gentleman and a capable clerk and we are glad that the State will have so competent a man in its service.

THE *Stanford Journal* this week publishes a picture and sketch of the life of Col. E. Polk Johnson. The picture, however, is a base libel on our handsome and suave Colonel. [Louisville Times]. It was indeed a miserable caricature and we were really vexed when it looked even worse in the paper than in proof. The photograph from which it was made was a small and poor one and the cut was the second attempt at it by the engraver.

AN Ohio woman was married to a man on his death bed, and was so anxious for his body that she scarcely waited for his breath to leave the body before she demanded the keys to his trunk and when they were refused her by an uncle of the dead man, she raised a terrible rumpus. An Ohio woman is as keen after money as an Ohio republican is as persistent for office.

We desire to state right here and now that we are for W. H. Monnell for postmaster of Louisville, first, last and all the time. We do not know that this will help the case any, but if the President knew him as well as we think we do, he would appoint him without a question.

THE statement is made that Gov. Knott only limited fines to the amount of \$10, 399 last year. This is not a bad showing, but could we have not gotten along just as well if the two left-hand figures had not been reached?

THE unanimous nomination of Dr. John D. Woods by the Legislature caucus, to succeed himself as public printer and binder, was a most fitting recognition of the faithful, honest and excellent manner in which he has discharged his duties, as well as a deserved compliment to him as a man and a democrat. There are few better men in this country than the big-hearted, whole-souled Doctor, and the dirty sleuth hounds of the press, who have maligned him ought to despise themselves, if such cattle have consciences enough to regret a mean action. No other candidate was put in nomination, as the opposition saw it was useless, when they failed to carry a resolution of postponement by a majority of 60 odd. Senator Barry comforted himself and then by recounting the excellent public services of Col. Major, who indeed is a fine gentleman and an honest man, but did not present his name. Three cheers for the caucus and its gallant nominee!

EUSTACE GIBSON, a West Virginia Congressman, openly attacked the Administration in a speech at Washington in which he claimed that the party had been betrayed by those it had elevated. He said the battle cry was "Turn the rascals out," but instead of that they had been promoted; that civil service was all bosh and a sham; that the President was honest and meant to do right, no doubt, but he was making a mistake, a sad mistake, which, if not corrected soon would break up the democratic party. He said that of all the offices under the Government, two sevenths were in the hands of the democrats and five-sevenths in possession of those that opposed the democrats. There are a good many persons of Mr. Gibson's way of thinking, but they don't blurt it out so boldly. Nor so unnecessarily.

A BILL to reduce the peremptory challenges of defendants in felony cases to 10 and the commonwealth to three has been presented by Mr. Thompson, of Mercer. It is a move in the right direction, but would not the ends of justice be better subserved if the Commonwealth were given as fair show as the law breaker? It certainly looks that way to an outsider.

THE *Richmond Whig*, which died with the defeat of its master Mahone, has been sold to a couple of good democrats, who will restore it to the proud position it held in Virginia affairs, when it represented the party whose name it bore, and until it sold out to the little repudiator.

A CONTEMPORARY suggests that before the present year closes people will be voting who were born after the war ended. The bloody-shirt evangelists will encounter tough material in this new voting element.

HAS the *Bourbon News* discarded its inside? It has come to us on the half shape a number of issues, but even in that shape it has as much reading as the average weekly.

## THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

—The Legislature adjourned Saturday on account of cold weather.

—The Senate will pay its Clerk \$8 instead of \$10 and its Sergeant at Arms \$5 instead of \$8 this session.

—Senator Rigney is anxious to know the number of notaries in commission, but for what reason he alone knows.

—A bill to amend the criminal code so as to permit one magistrate to try felony cases has been reported favorably.

—The gentlemen who are pulling the string attached to Fontaine Fox Bobbitt is respectfully requested to quit. [Commercial.]

—Since its establishment in 1876, the State Bureau of Agriculture has cost \$25,749.02 and in 11 years the Geological Survey \$186,300.

—Hon. J. Boyle Stone presented a resolution that the Auditor of Public Accounts be required to furnish to the House a statement of all sums he had paid to Justices of the Peace for sitting in examining trials.

—The Legislative caucus did the proper thing when it re-nominated Mrs. Hanson for librarian, for she has made a most excellent officer. Miss Nannette Daley, the other candidate, was not even put in nomination.

—The fathers of Congressman Taubee and ex Congressman Paul Thompson are both members of the Kentucky Legislature. It is an encouraging sign of the times to see the boys thus giving the old men a chance. [Times.]

—It is stated that Owens sold out to O'Fallon in the Speakership race with an eye to the future. The consideration is that O'Fallon is to keep out of his way when Breckinridge is to be retired from Congress. [South Kentuckian.]

—O'Fallon's bill providing for calling a constitutional convention has been reported favorably and will be the special order to-day. Another bill is pending providing for a sovereignty convention to revise the antiquated document.

—Mr. Thompson wants to know of Auditor Hewitt what amount he has paid to *pro tempore* Commonwealth's Attorneys and what warrant he has to pay such claims. Bally for "Old Poll," his every move as far has been in the right direction.

—The Senate spent a whole day last week wrestling with the question as to who should appoint the pages, the Sergeant-at-Arms or the Senate and to prevent a vote on the question, Senator Barry spoke several hours and until the adjournment.

—In September 1882, the Court of Appeals had 490 cases on its docket and since then 1,356 have been entered, 124 appeals in criminal prosecutions have been filed and 61 appeals from the Superior Court.

During the time 1,356 of the entire number have been decided. Out of 1,900 cases since the opening of the Superior Court in 1882 1,432 cases have been decided. There are 1,003 cases on the docket of the two courts now.

—The House has passed a bill to incorporate the town of Evans, Polaski county.

—Col. Thompson's bill fixing the qualification of jurors does not make intelligence a bar.

—Mr. Bobbitt's speech seconding the nomination of Mrs. Hanson is highly complimented.

—The Board of Equalization has so far cost \$9,104.70, which money might have as well gone to pay the State's debt.

—On motion of Senator Barnett, the Senate adopted a joint resolution fixing next Thursday, at 11 o'clock for election for Public Printer and Librarian.

## NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—John Young Brown fell at Henderson and broke his knee-cap.

—Of course John Sherman was re-nominated by the Ohio republicans.

—A block of store-houses at Mobile burned, causing a loss of \$160,000.

—A bill has been presented in Congress to repeal the internal revenue tax on tobacco.

—The new town of Dunreith, in Dakota, offers \$300 and a town lot to the first baby born in the place.

—The bill for the admission of Dakota will be reported favorably to the Senate by Senator Harrison to-day.

—Ben Roberts, who killed George Baker in Casey, had his examining trial last week and went to jail in default of \$800 bail.

—The New York Bankers are not enthusiastic over Speaker Carlisle's Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures.

—Senator Eustis has offered a resolution requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to pay the \$10,000,000 bonds call in silver.

—J. C. Fenton, late postmaster at High Grove, Nelson county, is in jail at Louisville for refusing to surrender his office to Cleveland's appointee.

—Senators Walthall and George have been re-nominated by the democratic legislators of Mississippi, which is equivalent to an election.

—The Druggist Am Ende, of Hoboken, whose error in preparing a prescription caused the death of the Holtz sisters, was acquitted by a jury.

—At the beginning of last year Vermont had thirteen ex-governors living, but four of them died during the year. Nine ex-governors still live.

—Hannibal, Mo., comes to the front with a report of the death of a colored woman 120 years old and who leaves a daughter just budding into the eighties.

—An engineer on the Cincinnati Southern has invented a blower by which an engine can be got ready for the road from cold water in twenty minutes.

—The snow caused the trains to get mixed on the W. & N. near Reading, Pa., and a collision occurred, which broke up two trains and killed three passengers.

—Senators express a desire to get the Presidential nominations of their hands as quickly as possible, and to that end much of this week's session is expected to be devoted.

—Senator Edmunds' new Anti-Polygamy bill passed the Senate Saturday by a vote of 38 to 7. This new measure practically throws the Mormon church into the hands of a receiver.

—Senator Wilson, of Iowa, reported favorably from the Committee on postoffices and post-roads, a bill to prohibit the mailing of newspapers and other publications containing lottery advertisements.

—The democratic primary at Lexington Saturday resulted in a complete victory of the Johnson faction. He was re-nominated for Mayor by a large majority with a full city ticket, including Col. Mat Watson for recorder.

—Congressman Lafoon, of Kentucky, has introduced a bill to amend the Civil-service law by limiting the examinations to only the matters which may fairly test the applicant's fitness for the position to which he seeks an appointment.

—The New Orleans Exposition management have asked the city to buy the Exposition property for \$125,000. It originally cost \$1,350,000. It is feared that unless some financial aid is forthcoming the enterprise will have to be abandoned.

—A Vermont woman, who attempted suicide by drowning, found the water so cold that she changed her mind and went home damp and shivering. Women should know that it is very dangerous to attempt suicide by drowning when the water is cold. They might contract a fatal case of pneumonia. [Narristown Herald.]

—A man claiming to be Count Zyzwaski, of Poland, and a participant with Napoleon in the battles of Austerlitz and Waterloo, and with Grant and Sigel in the late war, was before a Chicago police court Friday, charged with an assault. The able veteran is 95 years old, and, as the charge against him indicates, is still warlike.

—The front wall of the building occupied by Trabue & Co., J. Balmforth and H. P. Forward, near 8th and Main street, Louisville, fell Friday evening, catching under it and crushing to death Col. M. H. Wright and Mr. Balmforth. The building at once took fire and its contents were entirely destroyed. Loss \$110,000.

—Gov. Hoddy, of Ohio, went into politics two years ago worth \$500,000. He retired yesterday with largely reduced means, but with a large and varied stock of experience, which can scarcely be classed among the valuable assets of a man going out of business. John Sherman could give the Governor points in the matter of making politics pay.

—George M. Palmer, a Philadelphia baker has buried six children and married a third wife within a year. The bridegroom, his son and a journeyman baker were all sick on the day of the wedding, but Mr. Palmer managed to pull himself together sufficiently to go through with the ceremony. In the matter of varied domestic experience Mr. Palmer may be said to take the bakery.

—The democrats at Columbus, O., gave a banquet in honor of Jackson's day. Henry Watterson responded to the toast "The Democratic Press."

—The estimates of the National expenses for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, exceed by \$15,778,158.29 the estimates for the current year. What is more important still, they exceed by \$50,826,710.05 the appropriations for the present year.

—Two trains on the L. & N., 60 miles north of Birmingham, Ala., collided on a bridge, Friday night, which gave away and carried down with it portions of each train. John Johnson, fireman, and Sam Pulliam, a brakeman, were killed and William Johnson, engineer, George Young, conductor, and two colored brakemen were seriously injured. The bridge was 120 feet high, yet conductor Harris, who fell with it, swam ashore unhurt.

## GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Leland's Opera Troupe will present the "Mikado" at the City Hall in this place on the evening of Dec. 20th.

—People generally who believe that coal dealers have no conscience will be surprised to know that since the cold wave struck us the price on that very necessary article has been reduced by Lancaster dealers. It is selling delivered at 12 1/2 cents.

—Miss Minnie Walker is visiting friends in Nicholasville. Rev. T. M. Vaughan and family have removed to Christiansburg. Mr. Perry Jefferson, of the Globe Tobacco Warehouse, Cincinnati, is in town snow-bound. Charley Brown and S. F. B. Morse, of the K. C. railroad, were in town last week.

—The extreme cold weather of Saturday caused a lull in business which was very audible to the merchants, who had nothing to do but discuss the probable "letting up" of the spell. Country men were scarce as violinists in school, and the few who ventured to town wore for the most part frost-bitten ears or feet.

—The driver of the Bryantville mail-wagon couldn't make the rifle on account of the snow drift. The mail-man of Buckeye attempted the trip on foot, but was forced to return after he had gotten five miles on his way. The one who goes to Stanford, however, is the noblest Roman of them all as he made his trip through on horseback without accident. There has been no train on the K. C. since Saturday morning.

TWO FUNERALS.—There was a curious and trying episode the other day at Kearny street. Up Kearny street came a French funeral with a band and the usual procession. Down Bush street came a German funeral; with a band and a procession the same. At the intersection of the two streets the processions met. There arose a question of precedence, and pending its discussion the two bands played at one another their respective dead marches to the irreverent amusement of a crowd of unsympathetic lookers on. Finally the police came along and settled the question, and then the two hearse got mixed up and for some time the French procession was moving with the German hearse and vice versa. The awkward part of it is that even now some of the mourners are wondering if they buried the right man in the right place. [San Francisco Chronicle.]

The fairy tales of tremendous and well organized opposition to Dr. Woods and the *Courier Journal* Job Printing Company for re-election as Public Printer, which our esteemed contemporaries the *Commercial* and *Post* have been narrating, have not come true. Dr. Woods was nominated without opposition, no doubt to the bewildering surprise of infinite space, where the orbs of the planetary system had stopped moving for two weeks to see how things would come out. The wishes of our esteemed contemporaries seem to have been father to their news on this subject. Dr. Woods is a clever, honest gentleman, who deserves endorsement, and as for the *Courier Journal* Job Printing Company, his backer, it possesses the largest facilities for printing in the South. [Louisville Times.]

The *Paducah News* expresses our sentiments exactly. It says:

"One long, strong prayer for the whipping-post is necessary all over the land to overcome the mawkish sentiment of modern Kentucky solons. Louisville reports a man beating his wife with a chair and leaves her insensible upon the floor. Now, Mr. Legislator, what ought to be done with that wretch? Has he not lost honor, shame, humanity? How are such brutes to be moved, restrained or punished? A man who beats his wife is so lost to all respect for himself as to require that of no one else. Is his person more sacred than that of the mother of his children? Publicly cowhide such wretches and where no moral sense is to be found find a skin susceptible to the lash."

While the salary of the Circuit Judges in this State at \$2,400 per annum is low enough, there is an abuse connected with this office that the Legislature ought to put a stop to. We allude to the pay of pro tem. Judges. As the law now is a Circuit Judge may preside over his courts only half of his time, draw his \$2,400 and the State be required to pay \$1,200 additional for the pro tem. Judges. There is no reason why this should be so. The State considers \$2,400 as sufficient compensation to hold all the courts in each Judicial District and right at that amount the draft on the Treasury for that purpose should stop. The pro tem. Judges should be paid by the Circuit Judges themselves. [Ely's both-town News.]

Counsel (to witness). "Then you think he struck you with malice aforethought?" Witness (indignantly). "You can't mix me up like that. I've told you twice he hit me with a brick. There wasn't no malice nor nothing of the kind about it." [N. Y. Ledger.]

## To The Public.

We have tried the credit business thoroughly and we don't like it. We think we know when we have enough of anything, and hence on and

## After January 1

—We will sell goods—

—FOR—

## CASH EXCLUSIVELY.

We know this will meet with the approval of a great many of you who prefer paying the cash, and to those who have been running accounts we will say that we will offer such extraordinary inducements in

## LOW PRICES

That you will find it to your interest to borrow the money, if you haven't it, to deal with us.

We know this is a new departure in Stanford, but we believe that all of you who pay your debts will help us in carrying this out.

In selling for cash we will save several thousand dollars a year in hire of book keepers, had debts, &c., and in order to make our new system popular, we propose to give our customers the benefit of this saving and more, too. We propose to make you a saving of from 10 to 25 per cent. on all goods bought from us. We will "cut" prices to such an extent that no one who buys and sells on a credit can meet them.

We wish right here to thank those who have given us their very liberal patronage in the past and ask the privilege of returning the favor by selling them goods CHEAPER than they have ever bought them before.

## BRIGHT &amp; METCALF.

## Well Paid Employment!

Can always be secured by you, if you are a competent *Shorthand Writer*. This you may become in a few months, at very little expense, by entering

Shorthand Institute at Louisville, Ky., or Nashville, Tenn.

While Shorthand and Typewriting claims our sole attention, our students can receive the very best tuition in PENMANSHIP, ARITHMETIC and BOOK-KEEPING at greatly reduced rates. If you can't come to us,

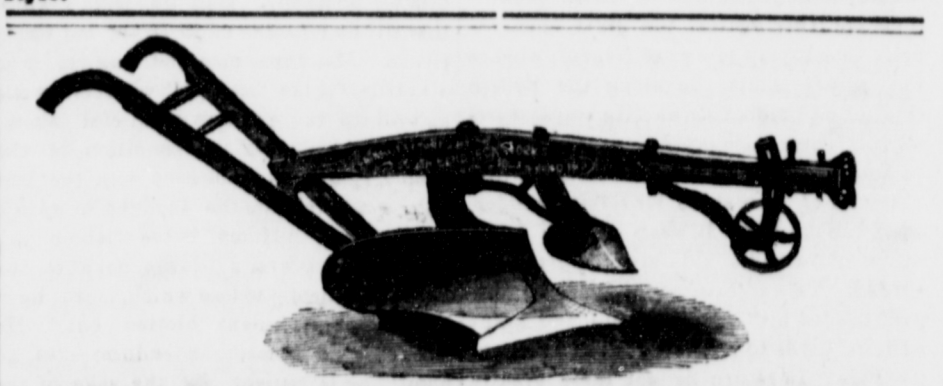
We Can Teach You by Mail as Thorough.

Send for Circulars to Professor H. A. HALE, Principal Shorthand Institute. Address him either at Nashville, Tenn., or Louisville, Ky., whichever is the most convenient point for your self.

## M'ROBERTS &amp; STAGG, DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS, Opera House Block, - - - Stanford, Ky.

DEALERS IN—  
Drugs, Chemicals, Wall Paper, Wines, Musical Instruments, Books, Stationery, Liquor, Cigars, Pocket Cutlery, Oils, Lamps, Soaps, Perfumery, Fire Arms, Machine Needles.

Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Col. Thos. Richards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks promptly and in the best style.



## Over 100,000 Sold Last Year. - Victorious in Every Field Contest

FARMERS & FLOWERS.—You should not have the Oliver Chilled Plow, because they are adapted to all kinds of soil and will do first-class work in sand or stubble. The mouldboards are thoroughly chilled, have no soft spots in them and will scour any soil. Oliver's metal will not corrode. The heaviest coat of rust that can accumulate on it will be entirely removed by a few minutes' use. The "Oliver" is a thoroughly centre draft plow having a toping landside, which does away with the pressure found on all straight plows. The Oliver Chilled Plow has hundreds of imitations. No manufacturer will try to imitate an inferior plow. The "Oliver" has a record unparalleled in the history of plow making, from 1,500 in 1870 to over 100,000 in 1885. Your neighbors will tell you to buy the "Oliver" and take no other. It will break hard dry ground when no other plow will. Also have the Gibbs Imperial Steel Plow, which is making a name for itself here unequalled by any Steel Plow. Try them and be convinced.

W. H. HIGGINS.

## Penny &amp; M'Alister

## PHARMACISTS.

DEALERS IN—  
Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

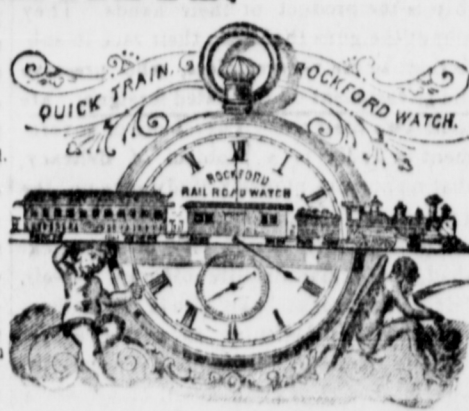
Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

—Also—

## JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever bought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Re-









# HIS INTENTIONS.

(Elizabeth Bigelow in Frank Leslie's.)

"Your garden spot is good for some eyes. Such a sight of harm-ome blows! I can't get by it anyhow. Caddy always set a sight by a garden, but somehow her plants were always kind of dwindling, and blowed aside and sickly, if they blowed at all. Seemed as if there wasn't anything in this world for Caddy. Well, the Lord does try his saints!"

"A garden needs a great deal of watchin' and tendin', said handsome Widow Maxey, sitting on her porch, in the cool of the day. And then she closed her lips so tightly that they seemed to come together with a snap. When she spoke again, it was in a softer tone. "Won't you come in and rest your side a while, elder, and let me pick you a pink posy?"

"You know I never could say no to you," said Elder Whitwell, with a little laugh, as he opened the gate.

The Widow Maxey knew very well that Eliza Ferris and her sister, Abby Ann, were watching from behind their closed blinds, across the street, and there was touch of color on her cheekbones, and a little air of defiance about her as she went about gathering the bunch of pinks with a bit of southernwood—the elder called it boys' love—in the center. People might wonder that she, the richest widow in the county, well preserved and handsome, should condescend to be courted by Elder Whitwell, a man worn and rusty in mind as well as in outward appearance, broken and old before his time by years of hardship and poverty—for the elder was not gifted in prayer or preaching; he was not "stirring," and could not draw crowds, and the congregation over which he had been placed had made haste to exchange him for a livelier dispenser of the Word. But she, Rachel Maxey, would not be ashamed of him—she would be proud.

The fact was, that people were thinking and saying very different things from what she supposed. Outsiders, proverbially, see most of the game. Abby Ann Ferris was, at this moment, saying to her sister that "It took an old woman like that" (Mrs. Maxey was 43 "to make herself ridiculous," and she "wondered if the elder really had any intentions." And Angelina, Mrs. Maxey's own "help," had been heard to whisper darkly that it was her belief that the elder was "a coquette." Every letter of the word got its full Yankee value in Angelina's mouth.

Rachel Maxey made the point as she knew the elder liked it, and she felt like a girl as she did it, as she never had felt since the day Caddy Timson—little, homely, sickly Caddy Timson, the shoemaker's daughter—had told her that she and Ezra Whitwell were in love with each other. She had turned upon Caddy fiercely, and told her it was a falsehood, or if it was true, that she had beguiled Ezra to his ruin, for he needed money and influence, and was not strong in body, nor one to make his own way in the world, at best. It was true; why shouldn't she have told Caddy so, if she were willing to so far sacrifice her pride? And Caddy had understood; she had wept, bitterly, and declared that she would not be a burden and a hindrance to Ezra. Nevertheless, she had married him before the month was out. She had come and explained timidly to Rachel that Ezra had loved her, and that she had been able to restrain the fury that raged in her heart. Not long afterward she had married Herman Maxey; it was fortunate that, from the day when he asked her to marry him to that last day when he lay upon his bed giving her precise directions about the management of the property, and assuring her that his arrangements for the next world were made with the same prudence that had characterized him in this, he had never asked her if she loved him. For herself, she had almost forgotten that there was such an emotion which sometimes played havoc with the practical affairs of life. Her pride had been gratified, and had grown by what it fed on. Nobody had ever crossed her desire but little feeble Caddy Timson.

Affairs had gone with Caddy and her husband just as Rachel had prophesied. She was ailing, "slack," helpless. One never heard anything from the family but poverty and hardship, as they went about from place to place wherever Ezra was sent to minister the Word. What a different wife she would have made! What a different father woman she would have been if she had been his wife! She said to herself, conscious of the hardening process that was going on within her, year after year, and holding Caddy Whitwell strictly accountable for it. She called herself a religious woman but she hated Caddy Whitwell.

Her strong affection for her only son had more of the element of pride than of tenderness in it. She rejoiced for his sake that the wealth her father had left to her had doubled and trebled in her husband's shrewd hands; she rejoiced in his brilliant ability and his ambition; even in the great crowded city to which he had gone he was distinguishing himself; she expected to see him a great statesman. He had gained an entrance into the highest social circles; when he married, he would without doubt increase his wealth and influence. All this was a great gratification to her, but when people had asked her how she could bear to be separated from him, she had realized, wondering, that she did not care much for that. She might be strange and cold, but she did not deceive herself. There was only one person in the world whose companionship was necessary for her happiness. Caddy Timson had robbed her of that companionship. But Caddy was in her grave, and Ezra Whitwell came back to her. That was why she felt like a girl as she gathered the elder's nosegay. She could feel his eyes upon her in the dusk, and her color burned. Of what was he thinking of what her lives might have been if Caddy Timson had never come between them? She had always suspected that he had sacrificed himself and her for pity for Caddy. Now, when his eyes met hers, she could not doubt it. Of what was the spell formed that bound her to him? She speculated upon it. Love belonged—or was supposed to belong—to youth, but this feeling was stronger than anything that youth could give or hold.

A simple-minded man, even a little dull and slow-going; if he had come into her life for the first time now, would he have made any impression? How much of a link in the chain that bound her was her exultant sense of triumph over Caddy? Caddy who lay in her quiet grave, thrust aside (as she had thrust her, forgotten) The Widow Maxey was not a woman to deceive herself. She recognized, she did not even attempt to crush, this sense of triumph; but she knew that without it, and in spite of her sober middle age, and what everybody had called her cold heart, the love that she felt for this man was like the breath of her nostrils, as much a part of herself, no more under her control. How ridiculous Eliza Ferris and her sister Abby Ann would have thought it! They said it was "just like a middle-aged widow to be setting her cap for a minister;" it would never have occurred to them as a possibility that the Widow Maxey could be in love.

As she went up to the porch a sudden attack of shyness seized her. Perhaps she had shown him her feelings too freely, and

shocked or disgusted him! She gave him the pink posy with downcast eyes. (Abby Ann Ferris, behind the blind, giggled outright.) Then she sat down at some distance from him, where the hop-vine partially screened her face from his view.

"How the smell of pinks does carry me back to the time when I was young!" said the elder, pensively. "We were young together, Rachel—you and me and Caddy."

That name was like a knife-thrust to her, but it fell from his lips like an afterthought.

"Sometimes, it don't seem any more'n yesterday, and yet we've both got children grown. My little Caddy is most 19."

The Widow Maxey caught her breath sharply. That was one of the disagreeable facts of life which she permitted herself to forget, or at least to ignore—the fact that Caddy Whitwell had left a daughter; an insignificant, dull, pale little thing like herself. She had gone away somewhere to live with some distant relative, and work in a milliner's shop. It would be just as well that she should stay away, the widow thought; she hoped the elder would not have any foolish ideas about it.

"I had a letter from her the other day, and she tells me that your Herman came across her, by accident, and comes to see her frequently. It would make things pleasant to have them friends," said the elder, softly.

For a moment it seemed to the Widow Maxey as if the solid ground beneath her feet was giving way. The odor of the pinks was overpowering. She had an odd sensation of listening to something in a dream. Her son and Caddy Whitwell's daughter! Nobody could think of such a thing seriously! Of course the elder had meant nothing more than friends; she thought, when she was fairly herself again. But yet his tone was significant, and his eyes had been fixed upon her face; she actually had not dared to meet them; her own drooped under them as if she were a girl.

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The elder talked persistently of other things, and she could not return to the subject. He went away earlier than his custom, and the Widow Maxey wrote a letter to her son before she slept.

Eliza Whitwell tells me you have found his daughter in New York. I hope you will be kind to her; she must be lonely among strangers.

The handsome young man, with his mother's dark eyes and proud bearing, who she did it, as she never had felt since the day Caddy Timson—little, homely, sickly Caddy Timson, the shoemaker's daughter—had told her that she and Ezra Whitwell were in love with each other. She had turned upon Caddy fiercely, and told her it was a falsehood, or if it was true, that she had beguiled Ezra to his ruin, for he needed money and influence, and was not strong in body, nor one to make his own way in the world, at best. It was true; why shouldn't she have told Caddy so, if she were willing to so far sacrifice her pride? And Caddy had understood; she had wept, bitterly, and declared that she would not be a burden and a hindrance to Ezra. Nevertheless, she had married him before the month was out. She had come and explained timidly to Rachel that Ezra had loved her, and that she had been able to restrain the fury that raged in her heart. Not long afterward she had married Herman Maxey; it was fortunate that, from the day when he asked her to marry him to that last day when he lay upon his bed giving her precise directions about the management of the property, and assuring her that his arrangements for the next world were made with the same prudence that had characterized him in this, he had never asked her if she loved him. For herself, she had almost forgotten that there was such an emotion which sometimes played havoc with the practical affairs of life. Her pride had been gratified, and had grown by what it fed on. Nobody had ever crossed her desire but little feeble Caddy Timson.

Affairs had gone with Caddy and her husband just as Rachel had prophesied. She was ailing, "slack," helpless. One never heard anything from the family but poverty and hardship, as they went about from place to place wherever Ezra was sent to minister the Word. What a different wife she would have made! What a different father woman she would have been if she had been his wife! She said to herself, conscious of the hardening process that was going on within her, year after year, and holding Caddy Whitwell strictly accountable for it. She called herself a religious woman but she hated Caddy Whitwell.

Her strong affection for her only son had more of the element of pride than of tenderness in it. She rejoiced for his sake that the wealth her father had left to her had doubled and trebled in her husband's shrewd hands; she rejoiced in his brilliant ability and his ambition; even in the great crowded city to which he had gone he was distinguishing himself; she expected to see him a great statesman. He had gained an entrance into the highest social circles; when he married, he would without doubt increase his wealth and influence. All this was a great gratification to her, but when people had asked her how she could bear to be separated from him, she had realized, wondering, that she did not care much for that. She might be strange and cold, but she did not deceive herself. There was only one person in the world whose companionship was necessary for her happiness. Caddy Timson had robbed her of that companionship. But Caddy was in her grave, and Ezra Whitwell came back to her. That was why she felt like a girl as she gathered the elder's nosegay. She could feel his eyes upon her in the dusk, and her color burned. Of what was he thinking of what her lives might have been if Caddy Timson had never come between them? She had always suspected that he had sacrificed himself and her for pity for Caddy. Now, when his eyes met hers, she could not doubt it. Of what was the spell formed that bound her to him? She speculated upon it. Love belonged—or was supposed to belong—to youth, but this feeling was stronger than anything that youth could give or hold.

A simple-minded man, even a little dull and slow-going; if he had come into her life for the first time now, would he have made any impression? How much of a link in the chain that bound her was her exultant sense of triumph over Caddy? Caddy who lay in her quiet grave, thrust aside (as she had thrust her, forgotten) The Widow Maxey was not a woman to deceive herself. She recognized, she did not even attempt to crush, this sense of triumph; but she knew that without it, and in spite of her sober middle age, and what everybody had called her cold heart, the love that she felt for this man was like the breath of her nostrils, as much a part of herself, no more under her control. How ridiculous Eliza Ferris and her sister Abby Ann would have thought it! They said it was "just like a middle-aged widow to be setting her cap for a minister;" it would never have occurred to them as a possibility that the Widow Maxey could be in love.

As she went up to the porch a sudden attack of shyness seized her. Perhaps she had shown him her feelings too freely, and

shocked or disgusted him! She gave him the pink posy with downcast eyes. (Abby Ann Ferris, behind the blind, giggled outright.) Then she sat down at some distance from him, where the hop-vine partially screened her face from his view.

"How the smell of pinks does carry me back to the time when I was young!" said the elder, pensively. "We were young together, Rachel—you and me and Caddy."

That name was like a knife-thrust to her, but it fell from his lips like an afterthought.

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out any kind of a stone to mark the spot. If 'twas me I don't want anything but the green grass over me, but bein' Caddy wanted it so much, I keep worryin' that she hasn't got a monument. Seems as if I couldn't think of anything else. I can't seem to realize her 'monument' she's frettin' because she hasn't got a monument. And what I've been tryin' to get courage to ask you is this: You know that pasture lot of mine joinin' your pine woods? It's all there is left of the old farm. I don't expect it's worth much, but more to you than to anybody else, because it's right in the midst of your land, and I was thinkin' maybe you'd give me enough for it to get a monument for Caddy. The conference allows me enough to live on, and 'twon't be long that I shall be a burden to them. I don't seem to have any mainpring since Caddy died. I always knew I couldn't live long without her; it don't seem to me that I can man even set by a woman as I did by her, from the first time I saw her. I don't know but my mind is weakenin', but it seems to me I could die in peace, now little Caddy's provided for, if I could get that monument. But if you don't want the land—The elder had made little passes now, and then, but no answer had come from the widow; there had been a little gasping sound—almost a moan—but his ears had not been quick enough to hear it.

She arose now, and stood before him. "Land! Why, land is the last thing I want to buy! And it's ridiculous for anybody to want a monument!" she said. Her voice was strained and shrill; it sounded to her loud enough to arouse the whole town; she had a strange feeling that she was listening to it from a distance.

She fancied afterwards that she had said something more—had said she wasn't well, and would talk about it another time—but she could never clearly remember how the elder took his leave, only that she saw his tall figure tremble in the moonlight.

In the gray of the morning the tolling of a bell broke upon her first troubled sleep. In Detroit they kept to the old fashion of tolling the age of the deceased. She counted forty-nine strokes.

"You're, it's the elder," said Angelina, putting a white face in at the door. "She never asked me, but I answered her looks." Angelina reported, afterwards to a bosom friend, "She has a stroke of paralysis."

He ain't had no victory for a good while, the doctor said, and he seemed to have a mental shock. "I hadn't ought to have told her that," said Angelina to her friend. "But, let somebody else would, I ain't goin' to tell her she's old. It's a terrible thing to see anybody suffer so. The only words she said to me were these, and they sounded awful."

"There ain't any forgiveness of sins, Angelina," says she, "and that's the worst of sins. I have been a wicked woman, and the Lord has punished me. If He has any mercy He'll let me make some amends to her daughter—her daughter and his! But that wasn't the way I looked at it. She a wicked woman! She was more like a saint that had her heart broke by the elder's cruelty. What was her heart broke by a man that courted a woman up and down and lively, if ever I see courtin', to get a gravestone for his wife! The looks he could give out of them eyes of his, that didn't mean a livin' thing! If he'd looked at us sinners that way instid of preachin' to 'em 'twould have been a sight more persuadin'." And only look at that monument she's put up over her wife's grave! Some folks think it's queer she didn't now and then look at the elder—but I understand that. As I have seen a monument as you can find anywhere, all over them little angels without anything to 'em but head and shoulders that's so fashionable; and talk about the expense—everything in this world can't be reckoned by figgers, and there's no tellin' what that monument cost."

A Feasible Plan to Secure Lectures. Eikhart, Ind., has a lecture association which might serve as a model for associations of the kind in other places. The plan is not readily supported. The plan of the association is mutual, and the business is done gratuitously by the committee. All the money received from the sale of tickets is expended for entertainments of a high order and for lectures. Last year the sale of tickets aggregated over \$1,500, and all but \$25 was laid out securing eleven first-class engagements. The sale of seats and tickets is advertised at particular places on a certain day just before the season opens, and the price is governed by the location of the seat in the opera house, the highest price being \$2.50 for the season, and the lowest \$1.50. Last year the average cost for each entertainment was from 14 to 25 cents per ticket.

The plan ensures success, because the committee can govern its expenditures by receipts, and the success of the association is such a large number of tickets will purchase lectures, and concerts of a high order. The present is the eighth year of the operation of the plan, and it has grown more popular each year. The entire seating capacity of the opera house was taxed last winter, and the sale of tickets stopped only when all seats had been selected. The number sold was 1,000, and 200 were disappointed in being unable to secure seats. The plan seems feasible in any city of 5,000 inhabitants, and would be found an educational force of no small value.

Personal Appearances. [New York (Chicago Journal).] What is in personal appearance? Popularly, a great deal. I went to the Grand Central depot with a young woman to meet her father on his return from New Haven, where he had been attending the Protestant Episcopal congress. He alighted from the train along with such religiously heavy robes as Bishop Littlejohn and the Rev. Drs. Hobbs, Newton, Howard, Crosby and Morgan. Dix. Probably those four wouldn't have weighed 500 pounds altogether, but think of the ponderosity of their worth! Just as they stepped on the platform at one side, passengers from a western train alighted at the other. Fourteen big, burly, healthy fellows overtopped and belittled the clergymen by contrast. My companion had only the faintest of perfunctory kisses from her reverent father, because she was all eyes for the wonderfully fine-looking chap.

"Did they come in your train?" she asked of him. "Were they in the congress? Are they delegates? Perhaps they are divinity students or volunteers for the foreign missionary service."

"They were a lot of those," I was compelled to explain; "they are the New York Base Ball club returned from Chicago."

"Well, all I've got to say is that if they were rectora," the girl remarked, "they'd be sure of fashionable congregations."

Mexican Justice. [Galveston (Tex.) News.] If the Mexicans do not extradite their criminals they sometimes do better. They have the peculiar humor to try them sometimes for crimes committed in the United States. A murderer who committed a crime upon a fellow Mexican in Texas has just been convicted at Piedras Negras, a place given fifteen years in the penitentiary at San Antonio. It is just possible that the Mexicans think our folks are too uncertain about convicting murderers.

Jefferson Davis sent \$1,000 to build a church at his birthplace in Kentucky.

# Be Warned

In time. Kidney diseases may be prevented by purifying, renewing, and invigorating the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When, through debility, the action of the kidneys is perverted, these organs rob the blood of its needed constituent, albumen, which is passed off in the urine, while worn out matter, which they should carry off from the blood, is allowed to remain. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the kidneys are restored to proper action, and Albuminuria, or

# Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

# Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McEllan, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emaciated; but by using

# AYER'S Sarsaparilla

my appetite and digestion improved, and my health has been perfectly restored."

Sold by all Druggists.

Price \$1; Six bottles, \$5.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

# AYER'S

# Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chills Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884. "For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill."

EDWIN HARPER.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

# For Instant Use

As a reliable remedy, in cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, or sudden Colds, and for the prompt relief and cure of throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy for home use. I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." John H. Stoddard, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I have never found a medicine equal to

# AYER'S

# Cherry Pectoral

for the prompt relief of throat and lung diseases peculiar to children. I consider it an absolute cure for all such affections, and am never without it in the house."

Mrs. L. E. Herman, 187 Mercer st., Jersey City, writes: "I have always found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral useful in my family." B. T. Johnson, Mt. Savage, Md., writes: "For the speedy cure of sudden Colds, and for the relief of children afflicted with Croup, I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickler, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckenridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I am subject to Bronchitis, and wherever I go, am always sure to have a bottle of

# Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

with me. It is without a rival for the cure of bronchial affections."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

# CLUBBING RATES.

To those desiring additional reading matter we will club the

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Old subscribers, who have already paid, can avail themselves of this offer by paying the difference between \$2 and the amount named.

W. F. WALTON, Prop'r, Stanford.

# Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Houstonville will be held at their banking house in Houstonville on the 21st Tuesday in January, 1885, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

# Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the 21st Tuesday in January, 1885, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

J. B. OWLES, Cashier.

# Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Farmers National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the 21st Tuesday in January, 1885, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year.

J. B. OWLES, Cashier.

# POSTED.

We the undersigned give notice that our lands are positively posted against all—either fishing, hunting for game or anything else, or trespassing in any way by passing through our farms, without special permit, except visiting or on business with us or those living on our lands. Violators may expect prosecution to the extent of the law.

A. C. CARMAN, J. B. BOSLEY, A. M. PELAND, J. D. JAFFEY, SAMUEL IRWIN, STEPHEN BURCH, J. B. BRUCE.

# OPERA HOUSE

STANFORD, KY.

W. F. WALTON, - Proprietor

Size of Stage, 20x50. Eight complete sets of Scenery. Seating capacity, including gallery, 6